

Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1897.

BRITISH INDIA.

We are told that throughout India the celebration of the Queen's jubilee has been marked by much enthusiasm and genuine demonstrations of unprecedented loyalty. The London Times Calcutta correspondent, writing on the eve of the celebration, assures the readers of that journal in sanguine terms of the success of the jubilee. He states that the natives were showing great enthusiasm, that meetings had been held and committees formed in every district, and better than all, that subscriptions were flowing in fast. The high priest of Baidynath, said to be one of the most secret shrines in Lower Bengal, is credited with issuing an appeal, exhorting Hindus of all classes to prove their loyalty in a befitting manner. His appeal, published in Sanscrit and Bengalee, runs thus:

"May that great Emperor under whose protection religious ceremonies have been practised without molestation for fifty years, may that august Empress, Victoria, live long! The lustre of her reign, which illumines the hollow vale of the wilderness and the concealed places, and which brightens the night itself, has like a lotus, by dispelling the gloom of injustice originating from the severe tyranny of Mahomedanism. May the Empress Victoria, under whose kindness all her subjects have grown strong in the strength of religion and happiness, may she live a hundred years, with her sons and friends. May the Empress under whose influence uninterrupted peace reigns in India live long!

"It behoves you Aryans, one and all, to pray for long life for the Empress. May that Empress in whose Empire men of science sing with delight the manifold blessings of telegraph, railways, and other inventions, may the Empire whose moonlike deeds spread a halo of light far and wide, may the Empress Victoria be victorious! This is my constant prayer to Shiva!"

The reading of the Times' correspondence and of the high priests' prayer, recalled to our mind a remarkable article on "English rule in India," published in the April (1896) number of the North American Review. The writer very delicately begins his arraignment of that rule by emphatically stating that: "Never within the records of history has there been such widespread poverty and misery in India as her unfortunate people have had to bear since the planting of the English flag." This is his charge, clear, grave, and unmistakable in terms or in meaning. And thus does he substantiate it: "Every walk of life has been gradually usurped by a grasping monopoly whose boast is that they are not of the people. The children of the soil are to day, virtually, serfs, working away their lives for a scanty board. Free imports, which have enriched English capitalists, have killed the manufacturers of the country, maimed its industry, and made its trade pass into foreign hands, and the people have to look to Europe for the mere necessities of life. As if this was not enough to keep down the wealth of the country, it is further exhausted by an increasing annual drain, now over £40,000,000, in the shape of exports, for which there are no corresponding imports. This amount, equal to a sum higher than half the gross state revenues represents interests on foreign debt and on foreign capital invested in India, pensions and salaries to Englishmen in Europe, the ever-increasing deficit of the government made good, and part of the savings of foreigners (remitted in this form, all of which items are constantly forcing away larger and larger amounts of the very food from a starving people. Thus the formation of capital and a moneyed class by native industry is simply impossible, and there is being rapidly attained that dead level of poverty of a whole people which the Socialists of the West believe to be the immediate prelude to the dawn of the new day. Any signs of life in the country can be seen now in the seaports and a few centres of government alone, but the interior everywhere presents only ruins and destruction."

As if this were not enough, he portrays with an unanswerable exactitude the condition of the Indian peasantry, which he pronounces "perhaps the most industrious, the most teachable, the most thrifty, the most heroic peasantry on earth." Here is the Indian peasant's lot: "He lives on coarse rice or millet in the best of times. In bad times he is not sure in the morning if his family will have one meal during the day. He has then to borrow for seed at exorbitant interest, often work without cattle, and to use branches of trees when the plow is in gear. Rent days send him again and again to the money-lender, until both his present property and future prospects are mortgaged. He is always in need, always in debt, and always liable to be oppressed by whoever has power over him, be it the tax-gatherer or the money lender. His baggard features, his shrivelled form, his bent stature mark him a luckless child of fate."

Of the pretence that native anarchy and materialism are the "conquest" of India by the English, not merely a blessing, but a necessity, he disposes by the plain statement that it is false. He charges it

THE LATE DR. O'SULLIVAN.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE ADOPTED BY ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

At the regular meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Peterborough, held on 5th day of March, 1897, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas it hath pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to remove from amongst us Dr. John O'Sullivan, an honorary member and generous benefactor of the Society.

"And whereas it hath pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to remove from the Divine decrees we deeply deplore the low which society in general and the suffering poor in Peterborough in particular sustain through the death of their devoted friend and physician;

"And resolved, that in the hour of their supreme affliction we hereby tender to his sorrowing widow and child our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy;

"Resolved also that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Mrs. O'Sullivan, the local papers and the London CATHOLIC RECORD.

"Signed on behalf of the Society, JOHN O'MARA, THOS. CAHILL, Secretary, President."

THE TAX POLICY

OF ARCHBISHOP CHOKE APPLAUDED ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

I open my postbag, says "Virginius," to state that the archbishop of Osnaburg's suggestion that there should be a national strike against payment of taxes to the usurped authority of the Pitt-Castleburgh fraud known as the "United Parliament," is regarded by continental opinion in a very high light. So strongly does the idea of a nation that has been defrauded of its legitimate Parliament, and is refusing to pay the impost levied by a foreign assembly, whose only authority is doubly voided by violence and corruption, appeal to the world wide sentiment of liberty and right. At first, at any rate, passive resistance would amply suffice to point the protest. Simply let no shilling of Westminstere taxation be paid except by distraint and levy. Much more than the annual revenue of Ireland would be required to collect the foreign taxes against the passive resistance of the Irish nation. Thus a national strike against the foreign taxes would go to the root of the great question, and would be understood and applauded in every land of freedom loving men. If Ireland does not usually excel in the display of her interest in Indian affairs, a civic may now act that she almost makes up for the omission by the peculiar pronouncement

of that unique son of the Irish soil, His Excellency Lord Dufferin, in his Jubilee oration the other day. In fact, the notorious and unblushing fact that the whole million fold elephant and donkey power of the British government in India is being devoted to galvanizing a semblance of "Indian congratulation" over the heads of the British people, through the thousands of human fragments blown from Victoria's cannon and the millions of skeletons of the victims of Victoria's famines, it must be said for Lord Dufferin that he has achieved one of the most picturesque and stirring acts of history in gravely declaring that the whole business is a voluntary manifestation. "Gentlemen, the truly gratifying feature of this unprecedented display of national enthusiasm is its spontaneous character, arising from the heart of the Indian population, without any kind of official pressure. When I was in India, I saw how Victoria Dufferin could give the ninety-nine yards in a hundred and beat him by a length. By the way, no single prisoner of state, or other person of the slightest importance, was allowed the benefit of the jubilee emanation. It was all mere mendacity and sham."

How Saint Barbara Found the Treasure.

Years ago there could be seen on a hill overlooking the town and the sea the spacious abode of the Spanish freebooter—a sort of California Captain Kidd, who preyed upon the commerce of the South-Sea, and who finally disappeared, sunk at sea by a Portuguese galleon, it was said, and leaving large sums of ill gotten gold buried somewhere in the vicinity of the town. Many a year did the simple natives search and dig for the elusive treasure, until the very cattle were left unheeded upon the hills that their owners might indulge in the feverish search for fudden wealth that disturbed the even tenor of their pastoral life. They were avarice-bitten. The good padre preached to no purpose against the sin of covetousness, until his parish was almost brought to distress and famine, and the day the good man called his flock together and said: "My children, I have had a vision. Our holy patron, Saint Barbara, has appeared to me in a trance. She promises to aid your search for the pirate's gold. To give good luck she has blessed this bag of seeds, three of which you must drop into each hill you dig in quest of the treasure."

They reverently obeyed, and the fair hill-slopes were undermined in new zeal. Time passed by, but when the discouraged treasure seekers at length abandoned their quest, hundreds of orange trees held their shining globes to the sun. These the natives gathered and shipped to the all-devouring market of the great mining city that had sprung up in the north, and when the shining globes they brought glittered in their sun-browned hands the good padre would smile and say: "Behold, here at last is the pirate's treasure, my children."

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE JESUITS.

Catholic Review.

There never was a time when it was more important that the whole truth should be known about the Jesuits than the present.

The Society is making rapid progress in this country. It embraces a large number of the most learned, able and distinguished men in every department of learning, science and literature. They are establishing schools and colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land. They are publishing books on all kinds of subjects, and, in fact, are becoming an important factor in the progressing civilization of the country and of the age in which we live. If they are the ambitious, selfish, lively men that they are ordinarily represented to be by a certain class of our Protestant fellow citizens, if they are planning and scheming for the capture of the country and the destruction of our free institutions it is important that we should know it and the sooner the better. What we want is to know the truth about them.

How shall we ascertain that truth? We must go to the fountain-head, if it is quite the fair thing to prejudice the case under the influence of a traditional, persistent prejudice, instead of giving the subject a careful and candid investigation.

Audi alteram partem is a most wise and wholesome admonition, and we are glad to know that not a few of our more candid, conservative Protestant fellow-citizens have risen superior to the prejudices of the past, and have become convinced that the Society of Jesus, founded by the heroic Christian soldier, St. Ignatius Loyola, instead of being the terrible bugbear with which their imaginations used to be haunted, is one of the most beneficent organizations that have ever contributed to the good of the world. This, it would seem, should be enough to convince any thoughtful, candid man that there must be two sides to the question; in fact, that it creates an a priori probability in favor of the Society, which imposes upon them, as fair-minded lovers of truth, the obligation to look into the subject and see for themselves what is to be said on the other side.

"But, the subject is such a large one and it takes so much time to investigate it!" Yes, it is a large subject, but it is not necessary to ransack the whole range of history to ascertain the substantial facts of the case. We will not ask the inquirer to read that great work "Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus," by Creheseau Joly, in its original French, though it is an able, candid and exhaustive book; nor the extremely interesting and, upon the whole, fair and unprejudiced "Ignatius Loyola," by the popular Protestant writer, Stewart R. Lee, who has gathered in the "conclusion" a catena of testimonies in favor of the Society, from Macaulay, Crofton, the Scotch historian, Robertson, Montaigne, Sismondi, Bancroft, Buffon, Dr. Lardner, the University of Paris, Descartes, Montaigne, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, the poet Gresset, Rev. Robert Seymour, an English clergyman; Macfarland, a Protestant gentleman travelling in Italy in 1549; Rev. Percival Ford, an Englishman, who says, though it would be very pleasant to add many more such loving expressions as these: "Nor will we ask him now to read Paul Feval's brilliant defence of the order entitled 'Jesus,'" though in addition to this fascinating style, it has the exceptional attraction of having been written by the author of an investigation undertaken for the purpose of writing one of this scathing articles against the order and which was the means of his thorough conversion and the consecration of his talents to the service of the Church and the cause which he once reviled, and though it can be had in any Catholic book store, we believe it would be about twenty-five cents. Nor will we ask him to read "The Jesuits, their Foundation and History," by B. N., in two volumes small octavo, published by Benziger Bros., though we believe it is esteemed one of the very best histories that have been published in our time. We are on one of these books can be taken up at his leisure as taste, inclination or curiosity may prompt.

THE FINGER OF GOD.

In the little town of T— lived a German man, who for years had neglected his religious duties. Sunday was for him no more than an ordinary week day, and in the number of good Catholics who made their Easter duty regularly every year, he was not to be found. And as the enemies of God are generally the enemies of his servants, the priest, so the man had not many kind words to spare for the priest of the little village. The friends of the unfortunate man, who were zealous Catholics, did what a Christian ought to do towards an erring brother; they tried to bring him back to a sense of his duty. He was advised, entreated, and begged to go to confession. But scarcely would they commend him to the confessional, the subject; the promise was always ready on his lips: "Oh, yes, yes, I'll go sometime." So much and no more, but his friends knew too well how highly to value his promise.

At one time, however, their efforts seemed about to be crowned with success. At a mission, or at a special occasion, I do not remember minutely, they actually succeeded in bringing him into the church. He knelt down among the penitents who were awaiting their turn to go to confession. He soon got tired waiting for his turn and no doubt the devil prompted him; he got up and left the church without having made his confession. It was a chilly day, and there being no stoves in the church, a log fire was started near a coal from the rest of the fire, lit his pipe, and started away.

One day there came a loud, hurried knock at the front door of the parsonage. The house-keeper was startled, and half indignant at the rudeness of the person, who almost battered down the door, and she rushed to open it.

"Where's the priest? I want to see him in a great hurry," said a man, hurriedly.

"Anything serious?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Man dying; wants the priest."

"Sorry to say, the priest has left for S—, and I do not expect him home before to-morrow. Go to the next priest eight miles from here; he will come with you."

The door closed, the messenger mounted his horse, and was on his way to the next priest.

Who was the "Man dying; wants a priest?" None else than the subject of this little narrative, who had suddenly become very ill, and had no hope of recovery left given him by the attending physician.

The messenger had soon covered the eight miles, and nearing the priest's house, he spied the priest in the yard, near the stable, hitching up his horse and buggy. He told the priest his mission.

"Well, my dear friend," said the priest, "I am just hitching up my horse and buggy to attend an urgent sick call, three miles in the country. I believe my own duties come first. But if you will wait one hour, I will be back, and then I will go with you." Cannot possibly wait, Father; the man is dying," said the messenger. "How far is the next priest from here?"

"Eight miles," answered the priest.

The messenger mounted a fresh horse, found the priest at home, and in a few minutes, both were on their way to the dying man. Both priest and messenger crowded their horses to their utmost speed. Arriving at the house, the priest threw the bridles of his horse to the messenger. Just as the priest was unclashing the gate, a man stepped out of the front door and said: "Too late! Father, he has just expired."

Truly, the Finger of God!—Church Progress.

Highly Spoken of.

Mr. James M. Lawson, of Woodville, Ont., speaks in high terms of Yellow Oil for rheumatism, lumbago, sprains and painful complaints. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally in cases of pain; also coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., and has made many remarkable cures of deafness.

A Good Motive.

Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, agent for Fine Art Publications, states that he was so troubled with deafness for eight years that he could scarcely attend to business, until he tried Yellow Oil. He desires to make this cure known, for the benefit of others affected.

Satisfied Confidence.

J. B. Girard, of St. Edwidge, Clifton, P. Q., says, "I am well satisfied with the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; it has cured me of dyspepsia that I had for three years. I used five bottles, and shall tell every person I know that may be attacked with similar sickness, and should not be afraid to guarantee every bottle used."

The Story of Hundreds.

In a recent letter received from Mrs. Sarah A. Mills, of Wheatley, Ont., she says, "I was a sufferer for six years with dyspepsia and liver complaint. My food did not digest, and I grew weaker every day. I lost appetite and had little hope of recovery. I tried many remedies, but all in vain, till I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle gave relief; after taking seven bottles, I am thankful that I now enjoy good health."

THE RECEPTION OF THE ABBATES IS EVEN MORE DEMONSTRATIVE FOR THEM IN THE ASSEMBLY.

The reception of the abbates is even more demonstrative for them in the assembly. The assembly has no more to say in regard to the length and breadth of the land. They are publishing books on all kinds of subjects, and, in fact, are becoming an important factor in the progressing civilization of the country and of the age in which we live. If they are the ambitious, selfish, lively men that they are ordinarily represented to be by a certain class of our Protestant fellow citizens, if they are planning and scheming for the capture of the country and the destruction of our free institutions it is important that we should know it and the sooner the better. What we want is to know the truth about them.

THE CIRCUS.

The Circus at Antioch stopped on the south bank of the river, nearly opposite the plan of a farm for the purpose of the building. In the purest sense, the games were a gift to the public; consequently, the holding of the circus was always ready on his lips: "Oh, yes, yes, I'll go sometime." So much and no more, but his friends knew too well how highly to value his promise.

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CHAPTER XI.

Evening was hardly come upon Antioch, when the Omphalians, nearly in the centre of the city, in a grand and magnificent manner, which in every direction, but chiefly down the Nymphon, the river of Antioch, and along the Colonnades of Herod, flowed currents of people, for the time given up to Bacchus and Apollo.

For such indulgence anything more fitting cannot be imagined than the great crowd of people, who, in a grand and magnificent manner, which in every direction, but chiefly down the Nymphon, the river of Antioch, and along the Colonnades of Herod, flowed currents of people, for the time given up to Bacchus and Apollo.

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